

HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.

Novelized From James Bernard Fagan's Great Play of the Same Name by Albert Payson Terhune

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"Then," declared the prince, "in any case it becomes doubly needful for us to make haste. Hohenloe, arrange the attack on the prince for midnight to-morrow. You say the army is with us to a man and that your orators have stirred the mob to the right heat. Remember that the signal for attacking the prince will be—"

Radulski, who had been glancing nervously about him, suddenly held up a warning hand for silence, then strode to the nearest door and flung it open. Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne stroled unconcernedly across the threshold.

"Thanks," he said, nodding pleasantly at Radulski.

"Gentlemen," said the prince loudly, addressing his followers, "once more I thank you for your visit of congratulation on the signing of the treaty. I will detain you no longer."

Taking the awkward hint, the plotters bowed themselves out of the room, leaving only Hawthorne, the prince, Radulski and Hohenloe. Vladimir turned savagely upon the American.

"And now, sir," he growled, "we shall attend to your case."

"So good of you," murmured Hawthorne, lighting a cigarette.

"Were you listening to what was said in this room?" demanded the prince.

"Were you saying something you were ashamed to have heard?" pleasantly retorted Hawthorne.

"I've had enough of your accursed impudence!"

"Yes?" queried Hawthorne, "that's too bad. For you're liable to get a whole lot more of it before you're through."

"Radulski!" ordered the prince. "Go and call my guard! Quick!"

"Three to one isn't good enough odds for you, hey?" drawled Hawthorne as Radulski sped on his errand.

"Do you know to whom you're speaking?" flustered the prince.

"I feel sure that I'm in bad company," meekly responded Hawthorne. "So I guess I'll go."

"Not yet," interposed the prince, waxing more and more domineering at the American's air of timidity, while Hohenloe, at a nod from him, moved between Hawthorne and the door.

"You'll have an opportunity first to repent of your insolence in jail."

"Say!" retorted Hawthorne, his meekness vanishing. "I'm not any too stuck on you as it is. And you'll make me nussay my temper in a moment."

"So? Jail is an excellent place for the finding of lost tempers. Jail is also an excellent place for the housing of impudent Yankees, as you will learn. I wish I could put more of your loud mouthed countrymen there. It would keep them from meddling with the business of their betters."

"Ah, but they haven't any betters," was the irritating reply of Hawthorne.

CHAPTER V.

The Fight.

THE prince rumed with rage over the insolence to which he had been subjected by the American. It was bad enough to have Hawthorne in the good graces of the princess, whom he hoped to marry. The American was sufficiently dangerous when he had only suspicion of the plot to dethrone the king, but now that he was in actual possession of the details he was a marked object for death. The prince did not welcome a hand to hand conflict with the American if he could avoid it. Now the presence of the guard would have been doubly welcome, so he cursed Radulski for his tardiness in bringing them.

The prince had come to the hasty conclusion that there was but one safe way to deal with this interfering American, and that was to send him to jail—at least until after the king had been dethroned and the prince had taken his place as ruler.

"By the way, prince, will I have time for a cigarette before the guard arrives?" calmly inquired Hawthorne.

"Curse you," fumed the prince, "if you smoke tonight you'll smoke in hades!"

"Thanks," bowed Hawthorne. "And if I go I'm sure you'll join me shortly."

The prince had some time before been forced to the conclusion that he was no match for the American at repartee, so he paced the floor, alternately cursing the American and Radulski.

"Prince," said Hawthorne, apparently unmindful of the danger which confronted him, "why can't you cool off? The weather is warm enough without your adding any heat to it. If we had you over in our country you'd find yourself dangling by a rope from a tree."

"Listen, Yankee!" shouted the prince.

"All attention," said the American.

"Before I lock you up!"

"So that's your little game, is it? Well, now let me tell you, Mr. Prince that there is at least one man who has a pretty definite idea where I am at the present minute and who will know where I am after I go away from here."

"He'll have to be what you Americans call a mind reader if he does," snarled the prince.

"He wouldn't have to be much of a mind reader to fathom your plans," smiled Hawthorne.

"And just let me give you a little good advice," continued Hawthorne. "Before you do any locking up think it over very seriously and remember that if you put me in jail or in any way interfere with me there won't be any country left here for you to govern in case you do succeed in dethroning the king."

"Bosh!" came from the prince. "Now, let me tell you something for your own good."

"Fire away," said Hawthorne.

"Don't imagine you fooled me as to your reason for interfering with me," snarled the prince.

"I haven't been trying to fool you."

"Not in this room a few minutes ago when I saw you with the—"

"Cut that!" demanded Hawthorne.

"I say why?"

"Well," said Hawthorne, trying to control his temper, "I wouldn't say anything more about that if I were you. That's all."

"So I was right, eh?" jeered the prince.

"Right! What do you mean?"

"You had an appointment with her, didn't you? She?"

"You lie," replied Hawthorne, "and you know it. Say, prince," he continued a moment later, "I've just had a queer sort of a presentiment that some day you are going to get the beating up of your life."

"I'm interested," was the prince's reply. "Can't you give me a little more definite information as to who is going to do it and the time when it will take place?"

"The time is not very far off."

"And the heater?"

"The presentiment wasn't very definite on that point, but I seem to have the impression that I shall be very close at hand."

"Splendid!" said the prince. "In the meantime, I shall take pains to tell his majesty of the secret affair you're been carrying on with his prim little daughter. It will make a pretty scandal when—"

"You cut!" shouted Hawthorne. "You yellow cut!"

As he spoke he struck fair and full in the prince's scowling face.

Now, few men live past childhood without having given and received

blows. But because of the divinity that bedges royalty Prince Vladimir Halberstadt had reached the age of thirty-five without having once been struck. He was ignorant of the sensation. And the smashing impact of Hawthorne's fist in his face came with all the novelty of an earthquake—and with almost as much force.

The prince stood a full head taller than his wiry little opponent and weighed at least fifty pounds more. Yet the force of the blow sent him reeling backward, dazed and dumfounded. Even General Hohenloe was so thunderstruck by the spectacle of a royal prince being struck by a mere American that for a moment he was too surprised to move or even to think.

Seeing that the prince did not "put up his hands," Hawthorne did not follow up the attack. He had expected his blow to be the first move in the liveliest sort of mixup. And he was vaguely disappointed that his enemy had taken it so passively.

But his disappointment lasted for a bare fraction of a second. The prince, recovering from his momentary daze, went insane with fury. Throwing prudence and dignity to the winds, Vladimir dashed out the great saber that dangled at his left side and hurled himself upon the unarmed American.

Hawthorne, like most American civilians, knew nothing of sword play. And even had he been adept in it he was weaponless. But he knew rough and tumble fighting and the strictest ethics of a barroom row. So, as the huge Borrovia charged madly upon him, saber aloft, he instinctively snatched up the weapon that lay nearest his hand. And that weapon chanced to be a heavy chair.

Vladimir sprang. Down came the glittering sword in a sweeping blow that, had it landed, must have cloven the American's skull like a muskmelon.

But it did not land.

Midway in air the blade slashed against the chair that Hawthorne had buried at Vladimir's head. Chair and saber clattered harmlessly to the floor.

Vladimir, like a charging bull, rushed

on upon Hawthorne. But Hawthorne was not there. He had sprung lightly to the top of the nearby table. And from that height, as the prince whirled to renew the attack, he launched himself into the air.

Down came Hawthorne's 150 pounds of wiry muscle straight upon the thick back and mighty shoulders of Vladimir. His jump had been well gauged. Under it Vladimir crumpled and fell to the floor like a four-footed. Hawthorne on top of him and pinning him down.

General Hohenloe at that instant recovered from his trance of dismay. With a shout he drew his saber and sprang to the rescue of the fallen prince.

But Blake, whom the noise of the scuffle had brought from his room, was upon the general at the very first stride. Wrenching the sword from Hohenloe Blake yelled gleefully:

"Go it, Tony! I've got this one!"

And as he spoke Radulski burst into the room at the head of the prince's guard.

Radulski and four of the guards rushed to the rescue of the prince, while the remainder went over to save the general. But the poor general needed no one to come to his rescue by this time, for the first blow from Blake sent him flat and unconscious to the floor.

Blake in the meantime had taken possession of the general's sword. The guards had seized Hawthorne, thus releasing the prince. Blake waved his sword recklessly. The guards drew back, and a moment later Hawthorne was in possession of the prince's sword.

The two started for the door.

"Stop them!" gasped the prince, so weak from his beating that he was unable to speak above a whisper.

"The first one that tries to, dies," warned Blake.

Fate was with Hawthorne and Blake. The old building hadn't been used to all the shaking and bumping that had been going on, and no sooner was the door slammed on the prince than the floor above came down with a crash.

"Fine!" cried Hawthorne, soon as certain that the damage was confined to the immediate vicinity of the room in which the prince, the general and the guards were buried. "Now the first thing we have to do is to keep out of prison. They'll be after us in a minute, and if they catch us they may find it convenient to have us accidentally shot so that they can satisfy our government that it has no particular kick coming."

"What's the dope?" asked Blake.

"We'll have to get into hiding, and await the first opportunity to get to the king and tell him of the plot to overthrow his government."

"But the king won't believe you," said Blake.

"We'll make him," said Blake, "when the proper time comes."

"How?" persisted Blake.

"They say 'money talks,' and if there is anything to the saying at all I'm going to find out."

The prince and general as well as a number of the guards were pinned in by heavy timbers, and while they apparently had received no serious injury it would be some time before they could be chopped to freedom.

"This attack," confided Hawthorne to Blake, "is to take place at midnight."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I should say so. I overheard the whole scheme, and the prince knows I know it. That's one reason he was so anxious to get me into jail. You're right! There's no use going to the king now, for he wouldn't believe me any more than he would earlier today. Something has got to be done to arouse him to the peril of his position. Then I can tell my story and have it believed. Until something happens we have got to keep out of jail. When the guards fall to return to the castle, as ordered by the king, he may begin to suspect that there is some truth to what I told him earlier in the day. Then if the king begins to get nervous we can walk right in, and he will be ready to believe us. Now there are only two things we have got to do—keep out of jail until we can get to the king and get to the king before midnight."

Outside they met Hawthorne's friend, the reporter.

"I'll give you the beat of your life," said Hawthorne. "Come!"

The reporter accompanied Hawthorne and Blake to the side room of

a drinking place, where Hawthorne, after bribing the tavern keeper to say he had not seen them, proceeded to pour out to him the whole story of the fight at the casino.

(To be continued)

RUSSELL.

May 19, 1913.

The G. A. R. Memorial will take place next Sunday, May 25, at Fairview, at 2:30 p. m. Everybody invited.

William Granger, of Muskogee, Okla., is visiting his father, B. D. Granger, of Hillsboro, and relatives and friends here.

Joseph Carpenter and wife, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Melissa Newton and other friends here, have returned to their home at Xenia.

Mrs. Carr, of Hillsboro, was the guest of Mrs. Roy Wanson last Saturday.

The next regular meeting of the G. A. R. will be on next Saturday, May 24, at 2 p. m. The members are requested to be present to make arrangements for Memorial Services and Decoration Day.

Mrs. Miller, of Hillsboro, spent a few days last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Kirkhart.

Misses Lida and Kathrine Oldaker were shopping in Hillsboro, last Friday.

Ted Roush and family spent Sunday with Worth Gossett and wife, at Pricetown.

Rev. Dresch preached an excellent sermon here yesterday to an attentive audience. Rev. McMurray was present and assisted in the services.

James Brown, of Hillsboro, an old soldier of the 8th U. S. I. and whose funeral services will take place today, lived many years in this vicinity. He was a most estimable man.

Ben Wilkin and wife visited her brother, John McKamey, near Hillsboro, yesterday.

J. B. Henderson, of Allensburg, was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Melissa Newton, yesterday.

Verna Henderson and Lewis Hawk and wife were at James Brewer's, yesterday.

Jess Weibley visited his parents, Wm. Weibley and wife, yesterday.

Mrs. John Biberback, formerly of this place, is quite sick.

Ted Roush and family, Simpson Oldaker and family and others from this vicinity are in attendance at the funeral of James Brown at Hillsboro, today.

Mrs. Leah Winkle, of Fairview, spent Sunday with Dora Sadler.

John Kesler and daughter, Thelma, of Lynchburg, were callers at the home of Aunt Roxie Kirkhart, Sunday.

Albert Burton and family spent Sunday with his brother, Frank Burton.

Turner Hart and wife visited at George Minke's, near Anderson Pike, Sunday.

Miss Marie Jonte, is in Columbus, where she will attend business college this summer.

Miss Grace Hart entertained some of her young friends last Friday evening with music on her phonograph.

Ben Wilkin has purchased a new threshing machine.

RAINSBORO.

May 19, 1913.

H. H. Lyle, of Leesburg, was the guest of Clifford Smart and family, Friday night.

W. S. Freshwater and wife, of Columbus, are visiting at the home of her parents, here.

Mrs. Pryne and Mrs. Mercer, of Danville, were guests of relative here, the first of last week.

Will Ulen and family, of Bainbridge, spent Sunday here, the guests of A. G. Cameron and wife.

Rev. W. E. Shriver and wife attended the Sunday School convention at Leesburg, Friday.

Mrs. Doggett, of Sugartree Ridge, who was visiting her daughter here, here, was called home last week by the serious illness of her husband.

Pete Woodmansee, of Highland, spent a couple of days in this community last week.

Henry Copeland and family spent Sunday with friends, near Washington, C. H.

Several persons from this place are in Hillsboro today (Monday) to attend the funeral of James F. Brown, who was a former citizen of our village.

E. W. Pavey and Chas. Moore, of Leesburg, spent several days here last week, demonstrating the merits of the Overland car and succeeded in taking several orders.

Miss Josie Spargur will entertain her Sunday school class on Thursday evening with the view of organizing for more efficient work.

N. B. Upp has purchased a new Ford five passenger touring car.

W. T. Hodge and family spent Sunday with relatives at Jeffersonville.

The Ladies Aid Society met at the M. E. church on Thursday afternoon and elected their officers for the coming year. President, Mrs. Mary Roads; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Dora Lucas and Mrs. Belle Roads; Sec'y., Mrs. Jessie McCoppin; Ass't. Sec'y., Miss Grace Coleman, Treas., Mrs. Laura Harrington.

Horse Breeders Announcement!

The firm of Brown & Ayres have arranged to locate imported draft stallions as follows for the ensuing season.

At their stable on Walnut street, Hillsboro, O., will be kept two Belgians and three Percherons with pedigree and individually to wit:

Minos American Registry No. 5770, Le Cheval de Trait Belge 39615, foaled 1904, sorrel with strip, weight 2020.

Sultan de Vlod, American Reg. No. 5771, Belgian No. 55390, foaled 1907, chestnut, weight 2020.

Comptable, American Registry No. 76897, Societe Hippique, Percheronne No. 65157, black with star, foaled 1905, weight 1830.

Josue, American Reg. No. 76898, Percheron No. 840416, foaled 1909, steel gray, weight 1925.

Jokal, American Reg. No. 76899, Percheron No. 95702, foaled 1909, black with star, weight 1840.

Under the management of Robert Brown at Lynchburg Ohio.

Arcole de Stuyve American Reg. No. 5767, Belgian 59012, foaled 1909, sorrel with strip, weight 1800 and Jongleur, American Reg 76890, Percheron No. 89157, foaled 1909, black with star and strip, weight 1800.

Under the management of Ad Wolfe at his farm, Fall Creek on Carford pike, three miles west of Petersburg.

Illmen, American Reg. No. 76865, Percheron 83164, foaled 1908, black with star, weight 1960.

All these horses are sound and proven high class breeders.

TERMS: \$15 to insure colt to stand and suck, with the usual requirements, under the law, for settlement of accounts.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Emily Glascock, deceased.
W. E. Nottger has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Emily Glascock, late of Highland county, Ohio, deceased.
Dated this 10th day of May A. D. 1913.
J. B. WOOLLEY,
Probate Judge of said County.

Six Per Cent. Carmel Special School District Bonds.

To be sold to the highest bidder or bidders.
Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Clerk of the Board of Education of Carmel Special School District of Highland County, Ohio, until Saturday May 31st, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purchase of Four Thousand Dollars (\$4,000.00) of Carmel Special School District Bonds.

Said bonds are issued in sums of \$100.00 each, and are to be dated July 2nd, 1913, to bear interest from date at six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually on the 1st day of March and September 1914 and each year thereafter.

The principal and interest of said bonds are payable at the office of the Treasurer of Carmel Special School District of Highland County, Ohio, and are issued by authority of Sec. 7028 of the General Code of Ohio for the purpose of purchasing a site and to erect a schoolhouse thereon for the proper accommodation of the schools of said district.

Said bonds are payable as follows:
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1914.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1914.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1915.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1915.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1916.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1916.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1917.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1917.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1918.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1918.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1919.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1919.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1920.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1920.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1921.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1921.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1922.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1922.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1923.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1923.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1924.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1924.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1925.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1925.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1926.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1926.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1927.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1927.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1928.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1928.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1929.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1929.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1930.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1930.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1931.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1931.

One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1932.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1932.
One Bond of \$100.00 due March 2nd, 1933.
One Bond of \$100.00 due September 2nd, 1933.

Said bonds will be sold for cash, and for not less than the face value thereof with any interest that may have accrued thereon, and bids will be received for a part or all of said bonds, and bidders are required to state the gross amount they will pay for said bonds or any part thereof.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or cash in the sum of \$100.00 and the privilege to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of Education of Carmel Special School District of Highland County, Ohio.
O. L. HIATT, CARMEL, OHIO,
Clerk of the Board of Education of Carmel Special School District of Highland County, Ohio.

Legal Notice!

James Chichester, whose address is unknown, but whose last known address was Mediapolis, Iowa, and Anna Davis, whose address is Mediapolis, Iowa, will take notice that on the 14th day of April 1913, Kate Chambers as guardian of Nancy McClelland as plaintiff, filed a petition in the Common Pleas Court of Highland County, Ohio, against the said James Chichester and Anna Davis, and others, being Cause No. 9285 thereof, alleging among other things that said James Chichester and Anna Davis as sole heirs at law of Mary Chichester, deceased, are the owners of the undivided 1-10 part each, in Lot No. 193 and 15 feet off of the West side of In Lot No. 502 as said lots are known and designated on the recorded plat of the Village of Greenfield, Ohio.

That The Fidelity Building & Loan Company, of Greenfield, Ohio, claims to hold a mortgage originally calling for \$400.00 and a tax claim against said premises, prior to any interests of said James Chichester and Anna Davis.